

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

IRREPLACEABLE TREASURES OF THE VATICAN

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

THERE is one man in Italy who can remain quite confident that his home and possessions will not be injured by the Allies. He is the poorest man in all Italy. He is also the richest. He is His Holiness the Pope.

The truth is, as Lord Halifax has said, the monuments and relics of the Vatican do not belong so much to Italy as they belong to Christianity. The Sovereign State of the Vatican is quite separate from Fascist Italy.

It is a neutral State within a State, and is only 110 acres in extent. Yet within that area are gathered the greatest number of priceless possessions in all the world.

To visualise the extent of the Vatican State, remember that St. James's Park, London, is 93 acres. "Our territory," said Pope Pius XI, "is small, but we can say that it is also the largest in the world."

Only very few people have any knowledge of the vast treasures contained within the Vatican. Pilgrims and tourists see the main halls without having more than a fleeting glimpse of the wonders beyond. I do not propose to tell of the usual sights pilgrims have seen. I intend to mention the things pilgrims never see.

The Pope's garden

Pass by the colonnade erected by Bernini, with its Egyptian obelisk brought to Rome by Caligula, go through the heavy doors, along magnificent corridors, and enter the Horti Vaticani, the Garden of the Pope. Very few people have been permitted to enter this garden, but I can take you with me.

It has been called the Garden of the gods. In the sunshine it is fairyland, laid out in sections.

There is the Garden of the Galera (Galley), so called because of a large fountain, shaped like a galley, of precious stones and metals, with fresh water gushing from 500 small holes in the galley. Marble statues, artistic seats, little summer-houses, are everywhere, all of marble without a flaw.

The largest fountain is the Aquila (Eagle) Fountain, with a magnificent eagle on top. But the gem of all is the Fount of the Sacrament.

It is shaped like an altar. In the centre a circular jet of water rises like a crown. Other jets shoot up vertically like candles, rays of changing light of every hue. The effect is that of a living, pulsing, holy monstrance.

A hardly less impressive exhibit is in the Casino, a fountain of the Temple of the Nymphs, carved in beautiful stone; and not far off are orange trees that bear fruit yearly, vines that supply the Pope's table with enormous grapes, fruits of many descriptions, too.

Priceless Library

Cross the lawn and you are facing the main building of this island treasury. You are in the famous Library. Pope Nicholas V sent messengers to

every part of the world for MSS. and literary treasures.

There are now 50,000 manuscripts, over 7,000 incunabula, and a million printed volumes. There is no value that can be placed on these. They are beyond price.

In a case is the only MS. in existence of Dante's Divine Comedy. There are several Virgil manuscripts, with the only known portrait of the poet.

There are the autograph of Martin Luther, that of St. Thomas Aquinas, the canoniera of Petrarch in his own hand, poems by Michelangelo, drawings by Raphael.

The Prefect of the Library, some time ago made a discovery that startled the whole world. In the Library was a palimpsest (a manuscript which had been written over twice, the first writing often rubbed out) of St. Augustine of the 7th century.

The Prefect studied it, examined it, and finally tried an experiment to discover the first writing. It was successful, and now there is no equal to this treasure. It is books of De Republica, written by Cicero!

In the various galleries are pictures by every known master, any one worth a king's ransom; canvases by Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Pinturicchio, Angelo, Domenichino, Giotto. One of the greatest is The Last Supper, by Leonardo.

Greatest human effort

The artist painted and repainted the face of the Saviour, tried model after model, wept

QUEER MUSIC

Grandad has seen his best days, but he hopes young Peter will take his place in the village band. The youngster looks a bit glum. Maybe he thinks he could have more fun with some of the queer instruments on page 4.



The late Queen of the Belgians was the last to receive one of these treasures. That one took 18 months to weave, and it was a gorgeous creation.

There is also a mosaic studio in the Court of San Damasco. There are six workers, all artists, labouring under a famous painter. New shades are evolved here patiently. Already these workers have made 28,000 different shades from the primary colours.

Four museums

There are four museums, too, filled with sculpture and statuary that money cannot buy—the Egyptian Museum, the Pio-Clementino Museum, the Chiaramonte Museum, the Etruscan Museum. The famous Laocoon is on view, the Apollo Belvedere and the Apollo Torso.

It is said that when Michelangelo saw the Apollo Belvedere he stood transfixed with wonder and admiration.

The ceilings of the State Rooms are beyond description

because of the splendour of their paintings. The greatest painters ever born executed them.

There are religious relics so precious that they are not shown except once in a hundred years. There is the Lance of St. Longinus, seven feet long, the lance that pierced the Saviour's side at Calvary. That is the claim made.

There is the handkerchief of Veronica, very faded, kept in a glass case. Veronica, a Roman maid, handed her handkerchief in pity to Jesus as He passed to Calvary bearing His cross. He wiped the sweat from His face and handed the handkerchief back, and lo! the print of His portrait was upon it!

Drawing by Peter

In another case is the handkerchief of Prassica, the daughter of Pudens, a Roman senator who turned Christian. The story is that Prassica asked the Apostle Peter to draw a like-Church.

ness of Jesus. He drew it on her handkerchief.

Apart from all these, there are rooms in the Vatican buildings filled with plate given by kings, queens and princes. There are solid gold crosses, some of them several feet high. The processional cross given by the late Marquis of Bute is there—of gold and silver and enamel.

It is estimated that one room alone contains treasures in gems, crowns and crucifixes, worth billions of pounds sterling.

The most sacred treasure of all is in the Crypt. Down there, never seen by human eye, is the traditional tomb where lie the bones of Peter, Prince of the Apostles.

To keep all these properly requires a steady income. It comes from contributions from the faithful all over the world.

The Pope himself is a poor man. Not even he knows the value of the treasures. Nobody knows. They belong to the Church.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

Happiness is not a station you arrive at, but a manner of travelling.—Margaret Lee Runbeck.

AND the writer has certainly got something there, if you like. So many of us positively waste the present, as far as

happiness is concerned, relying entirely on a supposition that when we have got where we intend getting, or when a certain period of time has elapsed during which our plans should mature... then... we are going to have our happiness.

The truth is that when that time arrives... if it does... circumstances have, as usual, altered, desires have turned a somersault, and we are either too old to know how to go about being happy or the person with whom we hoped to be happy isn't there to share it... or... just as likely... we ourselves have been overtaken by the old man with the scythe.

So what? Simply the old saying, "Anticipation is better than realisation," modernised to say, "Make the very most of the anticipation in case there just isn't any realisation."

Revel in the journey

Enjoy every moment of the journey, so that if the destination does happen to turn out a flop, you've at least had fun, which you wouldn't have had had you not travelled in the right manner.

So many people slave for "The Day." We all know hundreds who never see that day, and many who do see it only find it to be a night... dull, empty, devoid of an interest.

Those were the days?

There's a great deal of talk nowadays about lack of chivalry and general bad manners, as though it was the result of either emancipation or war carelessness.

This is what I read in "Advice of a Mother to her Son," by the Marchioness de Lambert:—

"You know what sort of politeness is necessary to be observed to the women. At present it looks as if the young men had made a vow not to practise it; it is a sign of a careless education."

"At present, indeed, exterior gallantry seems to be banished; the manners of the world are different, and everybody has lost something by the

With Al Male

change: the women the desire of pleasing, which was the source of their charms; and the men the complaisance and fine politeness which is only to be acquired in their conversation.

"The generality of men fancy that they owe them; neither probity nor fidelity; it looks as if they had a licence to betray them, without affecting their honour. They contract ill habits; their manners are corrupted; they grow indifferent to truth and indulge themselves in their habitual neglect of their words and oaths."

And those words were published in 1818... a mere 125 years ago, if you please.

And while we are sort of looking backwards, here are a few observations by the Duke de la Rochefoucault,

which Lord Chesterfield suggests that his son should "read in the morning, consider them well, and compare them with the real characters you meet in the evening."

Things haven't altered have they?

Headed "Maxims and Moral Reflections."

The sure way to be cheated is to fancy ourselves more cunning than others.

Rare as true love is, it is no less so than true friendship.

None are either so happy or unhappy as they imagine.

To study men is more necessary than to study books.

We should not judge of a man's merit by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them.

How can we expect that another should keep our secret when it is more than we can keep ourselves?

It is less difficult to feign the sensations we have not than to conceal those we have.

Man's chief wisdom consists in knowing his follies.

Seems to me that's quite enough to be going on with, also to convince us that whether it happened to be the "good old days" or the "Dark Ages," life was fundamentally the same, with the same weaknesses just as vigorously exposed as today.

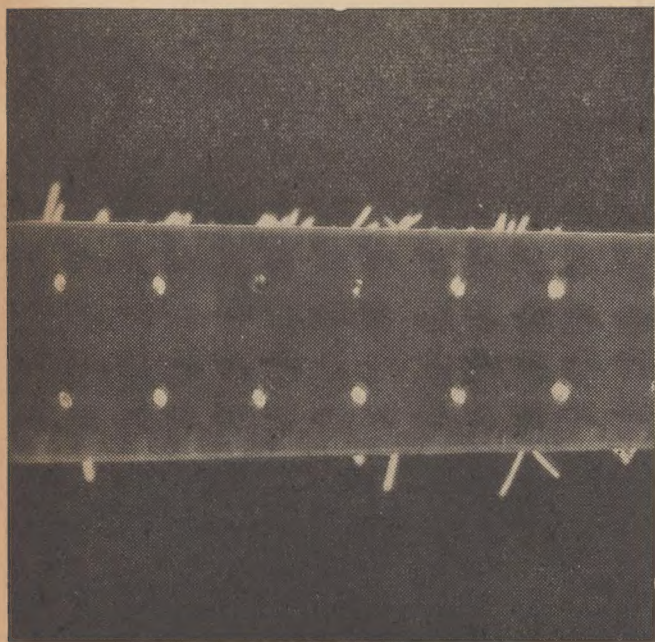
In any case... the good will always survive, and the pleasure derived therefrom will always be deep-founded. Cheerio and Good Hunting.

AL MALE.



An aerial view of St. Peter's and the Vatican.

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer to last Sunday's issue was a cigarette.



SEA-SHORE HARVEST

SEA-SHORE harvests are playing an important part in the war effort. New uses for the thousands of tons of seaweed washed up on our coastline every year are being found by research workers, and factories for extracting the valuable chemicals, including vital salts, have been set up by the Ministry of Supply.

For centuries seaweed has been used for manuring the land in some parts of the country near the coast, and it has even been transported inland to be dug into the ground to feed the crops.

But it is also useful in many other ways.

In Ireland and Wales the country people know that some kinds of seaweed make delicious jellies, blanchmanges, and even cakes. "Laver bread," cakes made from one type of seaweed mixed with oatmeal, was found on the market stalls in many parts of Wales before the war, and this kind is also used to make an excellent porridge.

SWEET TANGLES.

A sweet syrup is made from a brown ribbon weed known as Sweet Tangles. Jam, soap and ice cream are other things gained from the seashore harvests.

Garments, boots, shoes, floor coverings and stockings have all been manufactured from seaweed, and so have typewriter rollers, curtains and lingerie.

But it is in war time, when substitutes for materials in short supply are urgently re-

quired, that developments in the processing of our natural resources are essential. And although details cannot be given, there is no doubt that the seaweed that is cast up or grows on our hundreds of miles of coastline is proving a valuable asset in our war effort.

Tin was the principal metal concerned in the making of pewter, the different grades of the finished alloy being determined by the varying proportions of lead, antimony, copper or (sometimes) brass introduced. The regulation of these ingredient proportions was one

By E. G. SMETTEM

Alloy with Allure

THERE are few amongst us who ignore the appeal of the ancient pewter tankard, whose battered base bears witness of the impatient thirsts of other centuries, or of the platter which once bore frugal fare to the monastery table.

After an age of utility, they hand down a legacy of charm which can be neither defined nor ignored. It goes deep—especially with Britons. This should be so with pewter, for were not our forbears amongst those who, from the fourteenth century, brought the craft of the old English and Scottish pewterers to high esteem in many lands, not by competing with the elaborate decorative work of continental contemporaries, but by the sheer quality of their alloy, wrought with fine craftsmanship, for the most part in simple design.

AN ANCIENT CRAFT.

Pewter was made in England earlier than this, of course, and in China more than two thousand years ago, while the Egyptians used it in 3700 B.C. It was, however, in 1348, in the reign of Edward III, that "The Craft of Pewterers" (now the Worshipful Company of Pewterers) drew up its first regulations to enforce the making of a high quality of pewter. The ensuing power and vigilance of the Craft of Pewterers served its purpose well, eventually leading to an Act of Parliament (1504) making compulsory the individual stamping of pewter by members of the Craft, by the use of "touch plates," as a means of identifying its origin. Fines were imposed for failure to "touch" pewter, and a high standard of work became a matter of competitive effort.

ROMAN LINKS?

Meanwhile, the mineral riches of Cornwall in tin and lead provided, in quality and abundance, two common components of pewter alloy. It is said, indeed, that these riches largely influenced the Roman Occupation, and it is a fact that many pewter seals of office used by the Roman Legions have been unearthed in the region of Hadrian's Wall and elsewhere.

tin was the principal metal concerned in the making of pewter, the different grades of the finished alloy being determined by the varying proportions of lead, antimony, copper or (sometimes) brass introduced. The regulation of these ingredient proportions was one

of the primary functions of the Company of Pewterers.

The early pewter of best quality, called "fine," was made up of tin with as much copper or brass as the tin could take up, roughly a proportion of 4 of tin to 1 of copper or brass. In this quality were made many salt cellars, pitchers, platters, chargers and church vessels. Another good-quality plate pewter contained a proportion of 100 of tin to 17 of antimony. "Trifle," or common pewter, was made of 82 of tin to 18 of antimony, while the lower grades contained lead as the second ingredient, varying in proportions from 56 tin to 8 lead in pewter termed "better" down to 80 tin to 20 lead in "ley" metal.

HOW PEWTER WAS MADE.

Pewter was made by melting the alloy and casting into moulds; or by hammering the metal already in sheet form, and by a combination of these two methods. Although moulds were sometimes made from plaster of paris or sand, the best moulds were of gunmetal. Where possible (as in the case of spoons, small salts and small platters) the article was cast in one piece. Large ewers, tankards and such articles were cast in sections, afterwards soldered together and finished.

The lathe also played its part in the art of the pewterer from early days, when it was usually

A group of pewter from the collection of Mr. Herbert Sankey.



operated by a boy called a "turn-wheel." The turning of pewter was followed by burnishing. Beyond the lathe (which was restricted in its use) the tools of the pewterer were as simple as they have been unchanged through the centuries, consisting of the hammer and anvil, chisels, gouges, hooks, point - tools, scrapers, pincers and mandrels.

"Hammermen" were considered master craftsmen, and the larger sizes of platters, or chargers, were made entirely with the hammer, while small plates were first cast and then finished with the hammer to add strength to the metal.

THE MARKING OF PEWTER.

Pewter markings are of intense interest. There is evidence that pewter articles were marked as far back as the fourteenth century, and the 1504 Act of Parliament made it compulsory for pewterers to register their marks.

Besides the "touch" of the individual pewterer, his wares, if he were a member of the Company, bore also its mark of the Rose and Crown, while certain wares also bore an additional mark denoting extraordinary quality, an X surmounted by a crown. After about 1580, it also became the practice of some pewterers to add still further to these marks a series of small devices emulating the hallmark of silver, and a complaint was made by the Company of Goldsmiths of London, to the Privy Council, in a vain attempt to stop this imitation.

The study of pewter is a vast field, packed with interest, and we hope we have given our readers at least a scent of it.

For us there will always be a call which finds our ready response where pewter:

"Like grey satin, in the light of candle gleams 'gainst shadow cast by massy oaken beams."



Queen Mary examining pewter at a London Exhibition.

Eccentrics—No. 1

HE SET FIRE TO A HICCOUGH!

WHEN Squire Mytton took a friend for a ride in his gig, it usually ended with the gig in a ditch and the friend swearing he'd never ride with the mad squire again.

Never did a man enjoy accidents so much as did this eighteenth century squire of Halston, near Shrewsbury, who drank his eight bottles of port a day, chased ducks, naked, in the depth of winter, and who shared a fireside with his favourite horse after a day's hunt in the rain.

Pursued by creditors' all his life, though more than half a million pounds slipped through his careless hands in fifteen years, he spent his time hunting, chasing and steeplechasing over the countryside, risking his neck for a whim, jumping the most dangerous fences, and giving his friends night-

mare experiences if they dared to ride with him.

ASKING FOR IT.

"Were you ever much hurt by being upset in a gig?" asked the Squire of one gentleman who rode with him. "No, thank God," was the reply. "I never was upset in one."

"What! Never upset in a gig?" said the Squire in a shocked voice. "What a damned slow fellow you must have been all your life!"

And, pulling the left rein, he crashed the gig into the bank, to put matters right. Luckily, neither of them was hurt.

Squire Mytton would never let the weather get the better of him. His feet were nearly always soaked in winter because he would wear only thin stockings and shoes. He usually had no hat, and even in the most bitter weather he

would go shooting in white linen trousers and a light jacket.

Stripped to the shirt, he followed wild fowl through the snow, breaking through the ice of any pond in his way, and he once surprised his uncle's servants by running after ducks over the ice stark naked.

The mad squire was well liked by the country folk, in spite of his wild behaviour. They never minded it, returning wet through from some frantic chase, he borrowed a cottage woman's red woollen petticoat from a hedge and donned it, leaving his coat to dry in its place.

Sometimes he would knock at the cottage door and ask the good wife for a fire to dry himself by. And, leading in his horse, he would share the warmth with it.

ANIMAL LOVE?

His love of his horses sometimes caused tragedy, as when he gave his horse Sportsman a bottle of mulled port. The poor beast fell dead.

For a change, Mytton once saddled a bear and rode it into the dining-room, where dinner was waiting. But the bear took offence when its master gave it the spur, and bit his leg.

Though he was careless of his dress, the mad squire possessed one hundred and fifty-two pairs of trousers and breeches, and one hundred and fifty-two coats and waistcoats.

Hogsheads of ale stood like soldiers in close formation in his cellars.

He cared not a jot for money. If he set out on a journey he would toss a bundle of banknotes to a servant without troubling to count them.

And one night, when he was returning from Doncaster Races in a carriage, the wind swept several thousands of pounds in notes which he had been counting over the surrounding countryside.

Squire Mytton found a cure for hiccups. It very nearly killed him.

He was caught with a fit of hiccups while he was un-

dressing for bed. "Damn this hiccup!" he exclaimed, "but I'll frighten it away."

He seized a candle, and, holding the flame to the fringe of his shirt, set it alight. In a moment he was enveloped in flames, and two men, jumping to his assistance, knocked Mytton down and rolled him on the floor.

Terribly burnt, the Squire reeled into bed. "The hiccup is gone, by God!" he said.

A SPEEDY END.

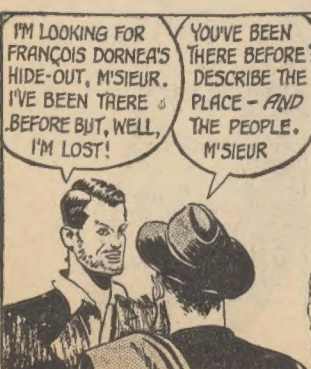
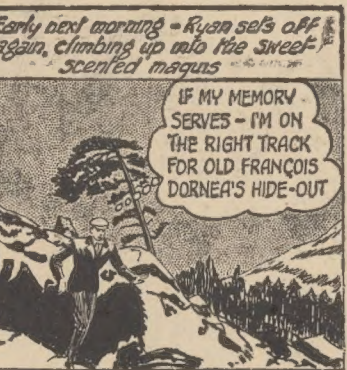
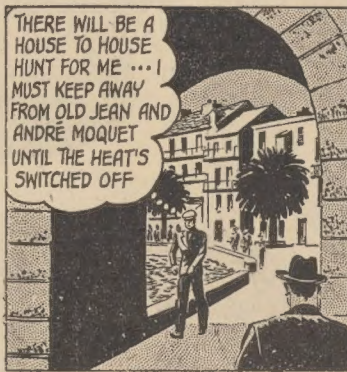
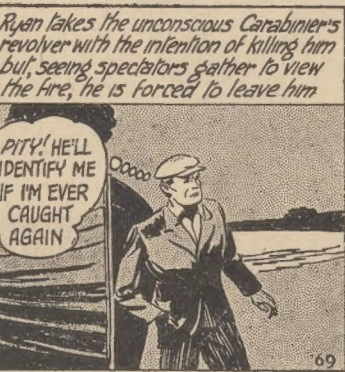
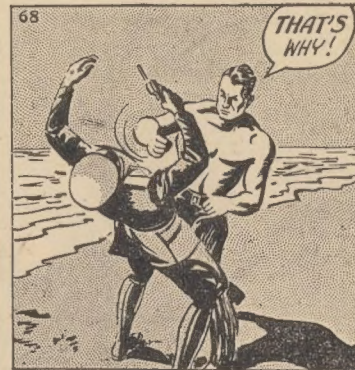
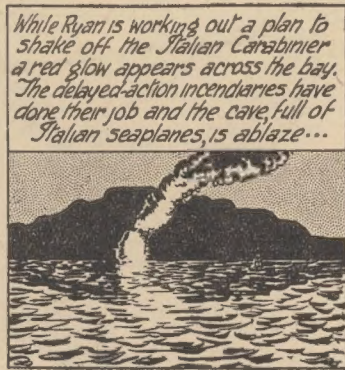
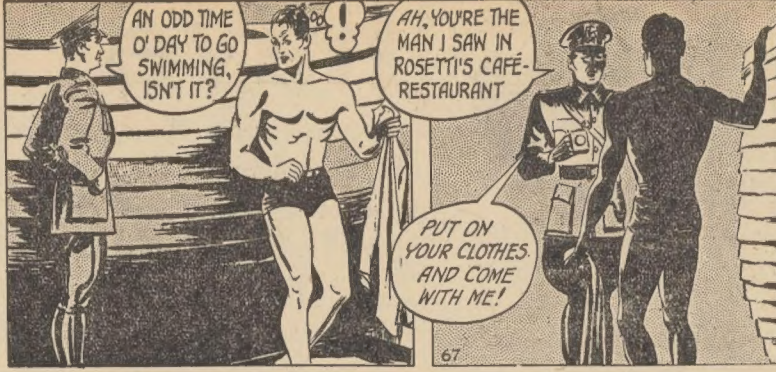
He galloped through his money as he galloped through the fields and hedges of the Shropshire countryside. Burdened by debts and harried by bailiffs, he flew the country to France. But it was not long before he gave way to his yearning to return to his own country.

His friends could not save him from debtors' prisons. And in one of them he died, aged only thirty-eight years.

It is a wonder that he lasted so long. In his latter years the eight bottles of port a day had become nearly eight bottles of brandy. His wild rides and his constant exposure to rain and cold in thin clothes had undermined his magnificent constitution.

His last ride was at slow pace. He had suffered the Great Accident.

BUCK RYAN



Romance of Radium

By ANDRE THORNWOOD



Radium bombs, to cure certain diseases, are the latest medical revolutions. The bomb is worth about \$17,000.

JUST before the war, Mr. Walter Elliot, then Minister of Health, gave an order for half a million pounds' worth of radium. His proposal was to embark on a campaign against cancer, and radium was the stuff the doctors wanted.

Immediately after the war there will be another drive for radium, because cancer is being slowly tracked to its lair and will be ultimately destroyed. Radium will do it, the best physicians believe; but radium is costly. You couldn't spend half a million on anything in the world and get so little quantity in return.

It costs about \$5,000 a gramme. Half a million will purchase 100 grammes. The entire world's supply is about 700 grammes. You could put that in your pocket.

The price was until about a dozen years ago £16,000 a gramme, and that is just where the romance comes in. It lay in the accidental discovery of a rich source of supply in Canada, and this broke the monopoly which was held by the Belgian Congo. It also made one of the most romantic millionaires in the world.

PROSPECTING.

At that time there was a poor man named Gilbert Labine, who was prospecting, with a companion, far up near the Arctic Circle, for copper. He was almost down and out by the time they reached the vicinity of Great Bear Lake. Paul was the surname of his partner. The cold was so intense that their eyelids froze when they slept in their tent.

Paul was smitten with snow blindness, and they made a temporary camp on the lake shore. Then Labine went out alone to look at the rocks. It was forbidding country, ice and snow, and bare of vegetation. Great Bear Lake is nearly 12,000 miles in area and the fourth largest lake on the American Continent.

Only a few trappers ever went to the district, and a few Indians. There are only two and a half months of continuous daylight in the "summer," and for six weeks in the winter the sun is never seen.

There was a story that the Indians who tracked across this barren land smelled a peculiar odour. There is practically no soil. Everybody called it the "Can't Be Done Land." Across the lake Labine marched—alone, to find copper.

A LUCKY STRIKE.

He found the peculiar smell. He looked at and examined the ground and the rocks. He lifted a chunk and examined that. It was pitch-blende, the ore of radium. He could hardly believe it. And radium was £16,000 a gramme!

He got the chunk sent down to the National Research Laboratory in Ottawa and waited for their report. Back came the report. It was to the effect that this was the richest in radium they had ever handled. When the news got around there was a rush of prospectors. But Labine had staked out his claim in time.

Some of the prospectors "blanket-staked" their claims—that is, they staked first and then examined the ground. Some came by canoe, some by Indian trails, some over the mountain passes.

To-day Labine is a millionaire. The spot where he first discovered the radium ore is called Labine Point. There is now a busy town. Labine owns fleets of ships and planes. The ore is transported 4,000 miles to Port Hope, Ontario, where it is refined.

And the discovery, besides giving him wealth, makes the Empire independent of ore from the Congo, and gives the doctors the one thing they needed to fight cancer.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Man will always have music

There are some queer noises going on. The African native would get a good laugh from some of the tunes that come from our musical instruments, but thinks his own produce the finest melodies in the world.



This bit of nonsense which looks like a cross between the rope trick and an old-fashioned camera, heralds the opening of ceremonies at an Indian Prince's court. Ali is wondering whether it will last out much longer.



The violin player's neighbour's best friend. Only the player can hear the music, and he's mad already. Guaranteed to take all that's vile out of violin.



Harry the Navvy never knows whether he is going to dig up a drain or a hot tune. He made this musical pickaxe and crowbar as over-time. They lock up the steam-roller at night in case he turns it into a barrel organ.



This dusky quintet is raising the wind. The chap on the right seems so enchanted that he forgets to beat his drum. The Abyssinians stick the horns of beasts on the end of bamboo poles and thrill their neighbours. (But you'll notice the landscape is desolate for miles round, and the hut-dweller has clamped his door. Bet he's got cotton-wool in his ears, too.)



These Tibetan boys make whoopee with several different types of blow-pieces, ranging from a few inches to a few feet. It takes a good pair of lungs to get a note from the long horn. It looks as though the gentleman on the left is going to get wind on the stomach.



These Roumanian lads make their music heard for miles. They were so eager to greet the dawn that they forgot to tuck their shirts in. Or perhaps they are fire-guards called from their sleep to give an air-raid warning.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

